



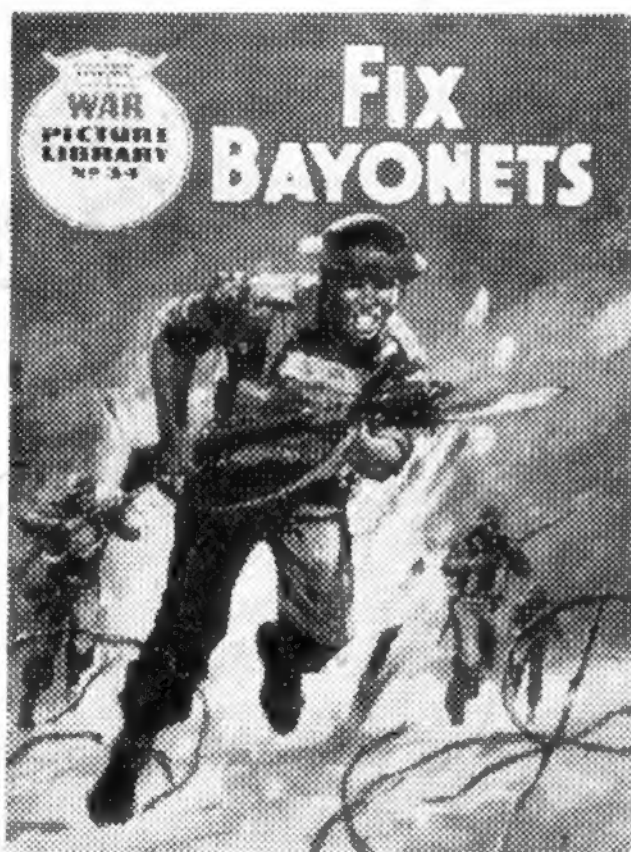
UNDER FIRE



ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .

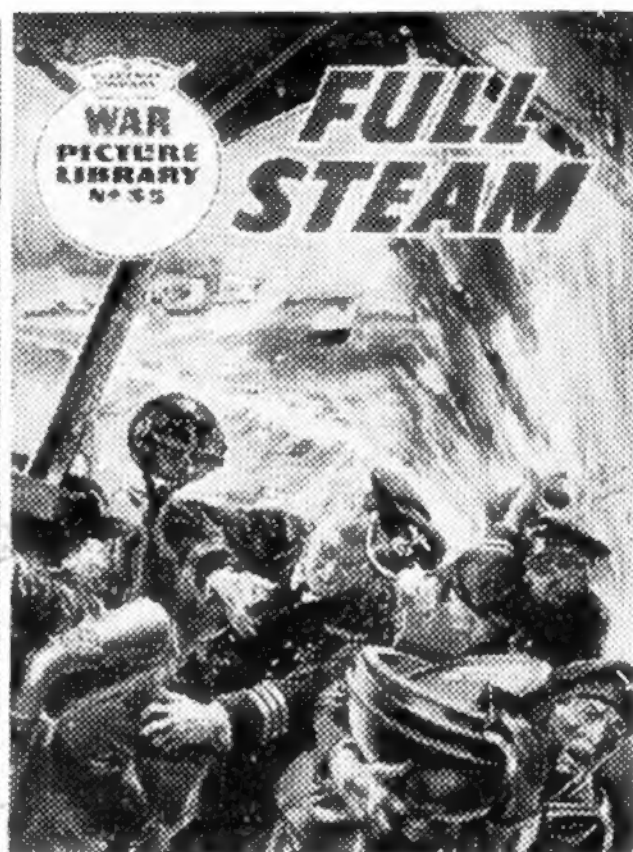
WAR PICTURE LIBRARY

No. 34—FIX BAYONETS



A minute to go...sixty seconds to eternity. Then the order came, "Fix Bayonets," and an ominous click rang along the whole front. The faint glitter of moonlight shone from cold steel...

No. 35—FULL STEAM



The White Ensign that has led a gallant host of men into battle sparked the imagination of Larry Willis. He determined to prove himself the best seaman in the Royal Navy but he had some bitter lessons to learn first.

NEXT MONTH there will be **FOUR WAR PICTURE LIBRARIES**, on sale Monday February 1st. They are :—

No. 36—LONE COMMANDO

No. 37—FIRE ONE

No. 38—DESERT PATROL

No. 39—BOMB ALLEY

UNDER FIRE

THE MERCILESS MONSTER OF THE NAZI WAR MACHINE WAS RAVAGING EUROPE!

AFTER THE FIRST STALEMATE MONTHS OF THE WAR, MASSIVE GERMAN TANK DIVISIONS HAD STRUCK WEST THROUGH BELGIUM, OUTFLANKING THE ALLIED MAGINOT LINE FORTIFICATIONS.

THE BLACK CROSSED ARMOURD GIANTS WERE IRRESISTIBLE - NOTHING COULD STOP THEM!



Chapter 1. FIGHTING REARGUARD

BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS WERE RUSHED INTO BELGIUM TO MEET THE NAZI BLITZKRIEG ... BUT OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED THEY COULD ONLY SLOW THE ONSLAUGHT SLIGHTLY ...



CRUSHING AND DESTROYING, THE PANZER COLUMNS ROLLED ON RELENTLESSLY ... AND THE ALLIED CHIEFS OF STAFF KNEW THAT THEIR FORCES FACED COMPLETE ANNIHILATION ...





THE GERMAN HORDES PAID DEARLY FOR EVERY INCH OF GROUND THE GALLANT BRITISH GAVE UP -- AND NONE FOUGHT WITH GREATER COURAGE THAN THE MEN OF A FAMOUS LONDON RIFLE REGIMENT ...



FOR TWENTY SLEEPLESS DAYS AND NIGHTS THE BATTALION WAS IN CEASELESS ACTION AS PART OF THE REARGUARD SHIELDING THE BIG RETREAT. BACK AND BACK THEY WENT, STUBBORNLY...RELUCTANTLY...UNTIL ...



STEVE, YOU KNOW SOME OF THIS LINGO--WHAT'S THAT SIGNPOST SAY?

THREE KILOMETERS TO DUNKIRK--JUST OVER A MILE AND A HALF!

NEW LIFE SEEMED TO ENTER THOSE BATTLE WEARY MEN AT STEVE CARTER'S NEWS--IT MEANT THAT THEY WOULD SOON BE AT THE BEACHES WHERE THE EVACUATING SHIPS WAITED...

LOOKS AS IF JERRY'S PASTING THE WHOLE DUNKIRK AREA--BUT THANK HEAVEN WE MADE IT! WE'RE ALL JUST ABOUT AT THE END OF OUR TETHER!



BUT FOR ONE GROUP OF EXHAUSTED MEN THE FIGHTING WAS NOT YET OVER. A MILE FROM THE BEACH THEIR C.O. ISSUED ORDERS...

'A', 'C' AND 'D' COMPANIES WILL PROCEED TO THE BEACH FOR EMBARKATION. 'B' COMPANY, UNDER CAPTAIN MEREDITH, WILL REMAIN HERE AS PERIMETER DEFENCE FORCE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS FOR THEM TO FOLLOW US. ANY QUESTIONS?



MY CHAPS WILL DO THEIR BEST, SIR--BUT THEY'RE OUT ON THEIR FEET AND I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE THEY CAN TAKE!

"B" COMPANY HEARD OF THEIR TASK IN SILENCE -- AND EACH MAN SEARCHED DESPERATELY FOR HIS LAST RESERVE OF STRENGTH AND COURAGE ...

TRUST OLD BAKER COMPANY TO CATCH THE DIRTY JOBS -- WHY THE HECK COULDN'T WE ALL GO TO THE WAITING BOATS?

SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO HOLD THE KRAUTS BACK WHILE THE OTHER LADS GET PICKED UP -- BUT WHO KEEPS THE JERRIES OFF OUR NECKS WHEN WE RUN FOR IT?



AN HOUR LATER THE FIRST GERMAN TROOPS CAME SWEEPING ACROSS THE FIELDS -- AND "B" COMPANY HIT THEM WITH THE FURY OF DESPERATION!



FLAMING RIFLES AND CHATTERING BREN GUNS TORE GREAT GAPS IN THE GREY CLAD RANKS, SLAMMING THE ENEMY ATTACK TO A STANDSTILL!

Under Fire

BUT WITHIN SECONDS GERMAN SPANDAUS WERE TAKING UP THE CHALLENGE ~ AND UNDER A SCYTHING HAIL OF LEAD, THE GERMAN HORDES CAME ON ...

GOT TO KEEP BRENS FIRING ~ ONLY HOPE OF SMASHING GERMANS BACK!



AND IT WAS MAINLY DUE TO THOSE SPLENDID BRITISH LIGHT MACHINE GUNS THAT THE ASSAULT FINALLY CRACKED ~ ONLY YARDS FROM OVER-RUNNING THE ENGLISHMEN ...

THANKS, STEVE! THAT'S SENT THE KRAUTS RUNNING FOR COVER!

THEY'LL BE BACK, CHUM, BEHIND A SHELL BARRAGE THAT WILL PRACTICALLY FLATTEN US!



BUT THE NEXT MENACE WAS NOT TO COME FROM GERMAN ARTILLERY! A FEW MINUTES LATER A WHIPLASHING CRACK SPLIT THE AIR -- AND A BRITISH SOLDIER SLUMPED TO THE GROUND ...



EVERY MAN TOOK COVER TO ESCAPE THE HIDDEN MARKSMAN -- BUT HIS DEADLY ACCURACY STRUCK AGAIN ...



Under Fire

CUNNINGLY THE SNIPER FIRED NO MORE -- APPARENTLY STEVE CARTER HAD BEEN THE ONLY ONE TO SPOT HIM. THE COMPANY COMMANDER MADE A SWIFT DECISION...



THE ORDER SCRAPED AGONISINGLY ACROSS STEVE CARTER'S RAW NERVES. IT WAS BAD ENOUGH FACING THE THUNDERING ENEMY ATTACKS -- BUT GOING ALL ALONE AFTER AN EAGLE-EYED SNIPER...



THEN HIS FRANTICALLY SEARCHING EYES SAW THE SLIGHT GULLY WHICH ANGLED AWAY FROM HIS POSITION TOWARDS THE LEFT FLANK OF THE SNIPER'S TREES...



LIKE A CLUMSY SNAKE, STEVE BEGAN THE MUSCLE-WRACKING CRAWL -- INCH BY INCH... HIS SKIN STIFF WITH THE EXPECTATION OF A TEARING BULLET...

HE'S SEEN ME!
HE'S JUST WAITING
FOR ME TO GET
CLOSER TO MAKE
SURE OF ME!



... WITH EVERY SECOND, HIS NERVES STRETCHED NEARER BREAKING POINT AS HIS MIND RAN ITS RIOT OF FEAR ...

BLOOD POUNDING IN HIS EARS, THE YOUNG SOLDIER SLITHERED ON...AND YET NO LIFE-SAPPING BULLET CAME. AT LAST HE DARED TO STOP AND LOOK...

GOOD GRIEF--
I'M RIGHT UNDER
HIS NOSE! AND
HE HASN'T SEEN
ME!



THE SNIPER HAD MARKED A FRESH VICTIM. HIS TELESCOPIC SIGHTED MAUSER LIFTED INTO THE AIR... JUST AS STEVE'S RIFLE STEADIED...



FOR A SPLIT SECOND STEVE HELD HIS BREATH... THEN GENTLY SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...



...AND THE GERMAN SNIPER DIED SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT WARNING AS SO MANY OF HIS VICTIMS HAD DONE!

STEVE'S BODY SEEMED DRAINED OF ALL ITS STRENGTH... HIS MUSCLES ACHED FOR REST. BUT TO STAY WAS TO ASK FOR DEATH...



AS IF IN A DREAM, HE DRAGGED HIMSELF UP THE GULLY... SLOWLY... SLOWLY. TWO HUNDRED YARDS... ONE HUNDRED... AND THEN THE WORLD BLEW UP!



THE SKY REVERBERATED TO THE ROAR OF GUNS AND THE EARTH SHUDDERED AS A THOUSAND SHELLS EXPLODED! THE GERMAN BARRAGE HAD BEGUN!

A HOLOCAUST OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE DESTRUCTION DROPPED DOWN,
SWAMPING THE BRITISH POSITION AND ALL AROUND IT ...



AND SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDST OF THAT MAN MADE PATTERN
OF FLAME AND FLYING STEEL LAY STEVE CARTER ...



THE BARRAGE LASTED FOR TEN MINUTES -- BUT TO STEVE CARTER IT WAS A LIFETIME OF TERROR BEFORE THE LAST SHELL



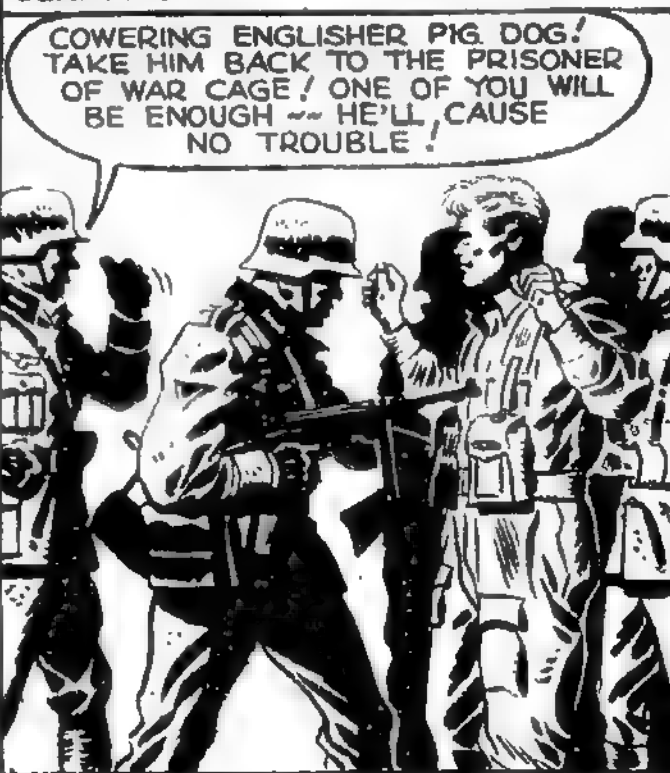
MUST FIND GERMANS...
SURRENDER... WON'T
FIGHT ANY MORE...
SAFE AS A PRISONER
OF WAR...

WHO CAN SAY WHAT HAPPENS TO A
MAN WHO HAS ALREADY FORCED HIS
BODY AND COURAGE BEYOND THEIR
LAST LIMITS... AND THEN LIVES
THROUGH AN UNBELIEVABLE NIGHTMARE
OF VIOLENCE? SOMETHING BREAKS...



I SURRENDER! KAMERAD...
NO MORE FIGHTING -- I AM
YOUR PRISONER!

ALL HE WANTED WAS PEACE TO GET
AWAY FROM THE WAR AND FEAR... HE
HAD HAD ENOUGH. HE TRIED TO
SMILE HIS FRIENDSHIP AT THE
GERMANS...



COWERING ENGLISHER PIG DOG!
TAKE HIM BACK TO THE PRISONER
OF WAR CAGE! ONE OF YOU WILL
BE ENOUGH -- HE'LL CAUSE
NO TROUBLE!

IN THE GUARDED YARD OF A SHELL-SHATTERED FRENCH FARMHOUSE, THE GERMANS WERE COLLECTING THEIR PRISONERS. STEVE WAS THRUST AMONG THEM...



RELIEF SURGED THROUGH STEVE CARTER. A NEW AND FRIGHTENING THOUGHT HAD BEEN GRATING ON HIS JANGLING NERVES.



THE PRISONERS BEGAN THEIR FORCED MARCH EASTWARDS THE FOLLOWING DAWN. SOME WERE OPENLY DEFIANT TO THE GERMANS ~ OTHERS 'SILENTLY GLARED THEIR ENMITY. ONLY STEVE CARTER WAS CHEERFUL...

ONE DAY THESE ARROGANT NAZI BRUTES WILL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE, WHEN THE BRITISH COME BACK!

WELL, UNTIL THEN THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS!



Under Fire

DURING THE NEXT FOUR DAYS MARCHING, STEVE CARTER'S WILLINGNESS TO OBEY THE GERMANS SOON LOST HIM THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE OTHER PRISONERS. FINALLY...



AT LEAST THE STABLES WERE CLEAN AND TIDY AND FOUR MEN WERE DETAILED TO EACH STALL-- BUT ONE STALL BECAME VERY UNPOPULAR ...



NEARLY A THOUSAND PRISONERS WERE PACKED INTO THE STABLES -- BUT SOME OF THEM DIDN'T STAY LONG. IN THE DREARY LIGHT OF THE NEXT DAWN ...



OVER A QUARTER OF THE PRISONERS WERE SELECTED AND MARCHED AWAY. THE PARADE WAS DISMISSED



Chapter 2. **BREAKOUT**

THE DAYS WENT BY -- AND MORE BATCHES OF MEN WERE TRANSPORTED AWAY. BUT NEVER ONCE WAS STEVE CARTER EVEN CONSIDERED. HIS BILLET COMPANIONS CHANGED AGAIN AND AGAIN...



THE NEXT PARADE TOOK THE OTHER THREE MEN FROM THE STALL -- AND IN THEIR PLACE CAME A TRIO OF TROUBLE!



BRUISED AND BATTERED, THE NEWCOMERS WERE FORCED IN ...

HI, CHUM, SORRY ABOUT THE RUMPUS, BUT WE'RE SORT OF ANNOYED--THE KRAUTS NABBED US JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE A FISHING BOAT WAS GOING TO SLIP US ACROSS THE CHANNEL!



STEVE KNEW THAT THESE MEN WOULDN'T BE STAYING LONG -- AND HE TOLD THEM...

ONCE WE'RE IN GERMANY OUR CHANCES OF ESCAPING WILL BE FAR WORSE--SO WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A CRACK AT BREAKING OUT OF HERE TONIGHT!

WE'RE WITH YOU, TOMMY!



WITH A WIDE GRIN, TOMMY REACHED INTO HIS JACKET--AND PULLED OUT SOME WIRE CUTTERS!

I FOUND THIS UNDER A TARPAULIN IN THE TRUCK COMING HERE. IT'LL BREAK THAT WIRE FENCING EASY AS WINK!

WHAT ABOUT THE SENTRIES--THEY'LL BE PATROLLING ALL NIGHT!



ALL THAT DAY THE TRIO THOUGHT OUT SCHEME AFTER SCHEME -- REJECTING THEM ONE AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL FINALLY THEY HIT THE RIGHT PLAN! NIGHT CAME ...

COME ON, STEVE, TIME TO MAKE OUR BREAK!

WHO...ME? BUT I DON'T... I'M NOT GOING WITH YOU!



IN THE FLICKERING MATCH'S FLAME, STEVE SAW SURPRISE GROW IN TOMMY... THEN ANGER... AND CONTEMPT WASHED IT AWAY ...

YOU WANT TO SIT THE REST OF THE WAR OUT INSTEAD OF FIGHTING TO WIN IT! WELL, YOU ARE COMING WITH US -- WE'RE NOT LEAVING YOU BEHIND TO SQUEAL TO YOUR JERRY PALS!

DOUSE THAT LIGHT -- AND LET'S GO!



HALF DRAGGING STEVE CARTER, TOMMY FOLLOWED THE OTHER TWO OUT INTO THE MOONLESS NIGHT...

HOLD IT -- SENTRY COMING FROM RIGHT!

ONE SQUEAK OUT OF YOU, CARTER, AND I'LL BEND THIS OVER YOUR SKULL!



AS SILENT AS
SHAPELESS SHADOWS,
THEY DRIFTED
TOWARDS THE WIRE,
AND THEIR PLAN
SLIPPED INTO
GEAR...

IF YOU MISS
HIM -- HE CAN'T
MISS US!

THE SENTRY TOOK ANOTHER STEP --
AND NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM
FROM OUT OF THE SILENT
BLACK SKY!



THE GUARD CRUMPLED SENSELESS -- AND ALREADY TOMMY WAS WRENCHING AT THE TOUGH WIRE STRANDS ...

FIRST ONE! HALF A MINUTE MORE AND WE'LL BE OUT!



EVERY SECOND WAS AN HOUR OF NERVE SCRAPING SUSPENSE TO STEVE. HE WAITED TREMBLING FOR THE EYE SEARING FLASH OF A REVEALING LIGHT -- AND THE KILLING BLAST OF A MACHINE GUN'S FIRE -- BUT



YOU'RE WITH US ALL THE WAY NOW, CHUM -- TO ENGLAND OR BUST!

A WILD, BREATH-ROBBING RUN AND THEY WERE LOST IN THE VAGUE DARKNESS OF HIGH, LOOMING TREES ...

WE'LL HEAD DUE WEST THROUGH THESE WOODS -- AND WE'VE GOT TO BE WELL AWAY BY DAWN!

THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! I'LL DROP BACK AS THEY GO AND WAIT FOR THE SEARCH PARTY TO FIND ME!



IN THAT BLACK VELVET GLOOM IT WAS EASY FOR STEVE TO SLIP AWAY FROM THE OTHERS ~ BUT JUST THEN A DEEP-THROATED BAYING LIFTED FROM BEHIND HIM ...

DOGS! THE GERMANS HAVE SENT TRACKING DOGS OUT AFTER US!



THE GERMAN PATROLS WERE LIKELY TO SHOOT AT ANY MOVEMENT, SO STEVE SWUNG IN A WIDE CIRCLE BACK TO THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.

I'VE COME TOO FAR NORTH ~ I'D BETTER MOVE DOWN TOWARDS THEM SLOWLY, SO THEY WON'T SHOOT!



THEN IT HAPPENED! A SOFT, DEADLY VOICE HISSED BEHIND HIM ...

DO NOT MOVE, M'SIEUR ~ OR YOU DIE!

THANK HEAVENS ~ THEY'VE CAUGHT ME!



THEN THE TRUTH STRUCK HIM -- IT WAS A FRENCHMAN WHO HAD SPOKEN!

ANSWER ONE QUESTION, MY NIGHT TRAVELLING FRIEND -- ARE YOU HUNTER OR HUNTED?

I'M A PRISONER FROM THE CAMP -- WE ESCAPED!



THE BLOOD CHILLING HOWLS OF THE TRACKING DOGS CAME NEARER, DROWNING STEVE'S STUMBLING WORDS, AND HIS CAPTOR MOVED SWIFTLY...

PERHAPS YOU ARE -- AND PERHAPS NOT -- BUT THIS IS NOT THE PLACE TO FIND OUT. ALLEZ -- GO THE WAY I DIRECT, QUICKLY!



THE FRENCHMAN KNEW HIS WAY IN THE DARK LIKE A CAT -- HIS DIRECTIONS LED STEVE OVER RUTTED FIELDS... TO A SMALL LIGHTLESS FARMHOUSE...



HALTE!
THE
PASSWORD?

LIBERTÉ!

THE GUARD STOOD ASIDE -- AND STEVE WAS GUIDED INTO THE FARMHOUSE. AS THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT, A DIMMED LIGHT FLARED UP...



PAUL EXPLAINED -- AND THEN STEVE COULD FEEL FLAURET'S STEEL GREY EYES BORING COLDLY INTO HIS. SOMEHOW HE HELD THAT SEARCHING GAZE, THROUGH LONG SECONDS OF SILENCE. THEN...



FLAURET NODDED AND MOTIONED STEVE TO THE FOOD SET ON THE TABLE ...

WE HAVE AN ESCAPE ROUTE TO THE COAST AND SMALL BOATS READY TO TAKE PASSENGERS ACROSS THE CHANNEL / BUT NOT TONIGHT-- FOR ALREADY WE HAVE A TASK-- *HELPING YOUR BOMBER AIRCRAFT FIND THEIR TARGET!*



THERE IS A BIG FRENCH AMMUNITION DUMP ABOUT TWO HOURS FROM HERE WHICH THE BOCHE CAPTURED INTACT. IT IS SO WELL CAMOUFLAGED THAT NIGHT BOMBERS WOULD NEVER FIND IT -- BUT IF *GROUND LIGHTS WERE TO POINT TO IT, LIKE THE KNIFE POINTS TO THIS CHEESE...*



LITTLE SHIVERS OF PANIC CREPT UP STEVE'S SPINE AS THE GAUNT MAQUIS LEADER STOOD UP ...

IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO -- AND YOU WILL BE SAFER WITH US, M'SIEUR CARTER! THE GERMANS MAY SEARCH HERE FOR YOU -- COME!



... AND STEVE KNEW HE HAD TO OBEY -- TO REFUSE WOULD EARN SUDDEN SUSPICION AND CERTAIN DEATH!

THEY MOVED THROUGH THE NIGHT WITH PRACTISED EASE -- WITH FLAURET LEADING UNERRINGLY. AN HOUR LATER...

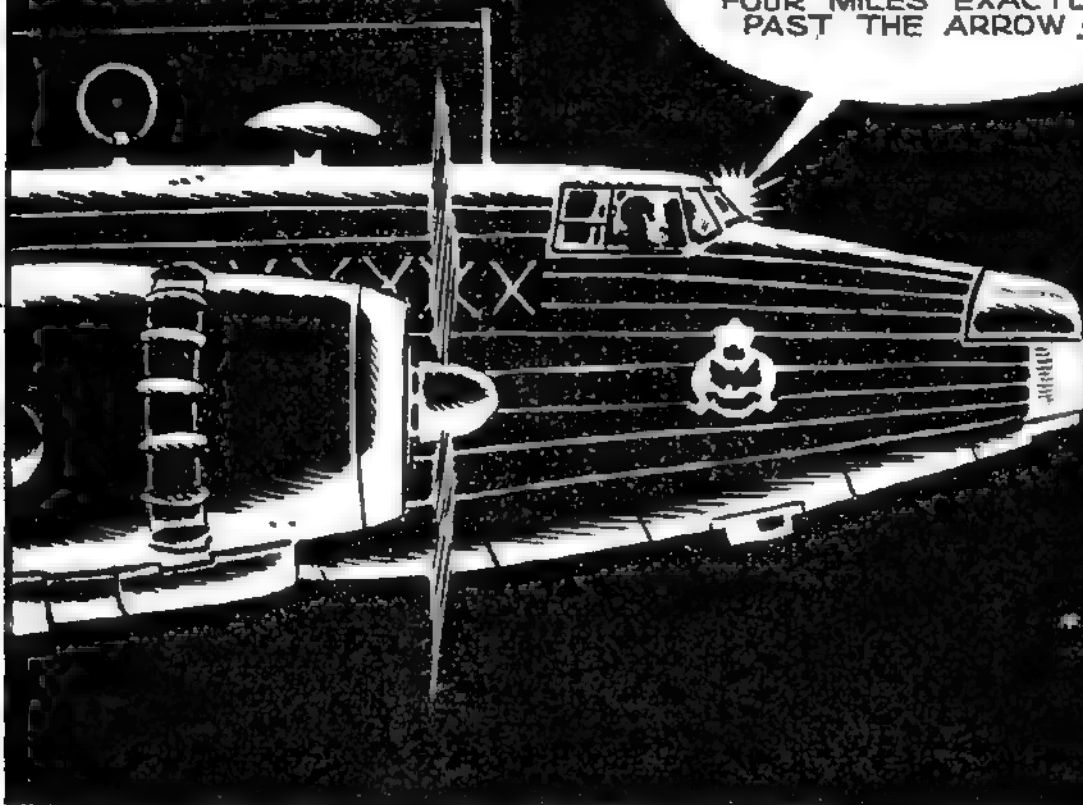


OUT OF THE WESTERN SKY THEY CAME -- A HIGH FLYING GROUP OF UNSEEN PLANES -- WITH THE THROBBING HUM OF THEIR SUPERCHARGED ENGINES GROWING LOUDER...



AND IN THE COCKPIT OF
THE LEADING PLANE ...

THERE THEY ARE, KEN!
THE AMMO DUMP IS
FOUR MILES EXACTLY
PAST THE ARROW!



GUIDED BY THE MAQUIS SIGNAL,
THE R.A.F. WELLINGTONS FLEW
ON TO THEIR ESTIMATED
BOMBING COURSE -- AND
BEGAN THEIR ATTACK ...



BRAVO!
THEY ARE
RIGHT ON
TARGET!

WE'LL KNOW
WHEN THEY GET
A DIRECT HIT --
THE WHOLE LOT
WILL GO UP!

BOMBS EXPLODED THUNDERINGLY IN FLAME FILLED FLOWERS OF SAVAGE VIOLENCE. YET NOTHING MORE AND IN MINUTES THE RAID WAS OVER...

THEY WERE BOMBING BLIND... YET WE HOPED... JUST ONE BOMB IN THE RIGHT PLACE. STILL, WE MUST TRY AGAIN. NOW WE GO TO HEADQUARTERS!



THE MAQUIS HEADQUARTERS WERE IN A NETWORK OF DEEP CAVES HIDDEN IN A VAST SPRAWLING FOREST SOME MILES AWAY. THEY REACHED THEM JUST BEFORE DAWN....

YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE, M'SIEUR... UNTIL TONIGHT WHEN WE CAN MOVE YOU TO THE COAST. WHILE YOU REST MY MEN WILL FIND OUT HOW THE RAID FAILED!



IT WAS LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THAT THE FIRST EXCITED REPORTS OF THE BOMBING ATTACK REACHED FLAURET...

IT WAS A MIRACLE HOW THE DUMP ESCAPED. BOMBS EXPLODED ALL AROUND IT... ONE EVEN LANDED IN THE MIDDLE... BUT IT WAS A DUD!



FLAURET'S NARROWED EYES SUDDENLY FLARED WITH A WILD GLEAM AS THE MAN WENT ON...

ALREADY THE BOSCHE ARE TRANSPORTING AMMUNITION AWAY FROM THE DUMP IN CASE THE BOMB GOES OFF BEFORE THE EXPERTS DEFUSE IT TOMORROW!

TOMORROW? TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE, MES AMIS! TONIGHT WE WILL ATTACK IN FULL STRENGTH—AND PUT A TIME FUSE AGAINST THAT BOMB!

A ROARING CHEER FILLED THE CAVE—THE MAQUIS WERE READY TO FIGHT! THEN A CALM, ALMOST DISTANT VOICE CUT THE NOISE INTO STUNNED SILENCE...

STEVE WENT ON, THINKING ALOUD RATHER THAN ADDRESSING HIS COMPANIONS....

THOSE TRUCKS TAKING AMMUNITION AWAY MUST GO IN EMPTY... IF A MAN COULD GET ABOARD ONE OF 'EM, CARRYING A SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGE, HE'D HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING TO THE BOMB!

MAIS OUI! IT IS THE PERFECT ANSWER!

YOU'D BE MASSACRED TO A MAN! A FULL SCALE ATTACK WOULD BE SHOT TO RIBBONS BEFORE IT REACHED THE FIRST DEFENCES! BUT ONE MAN, ALONE...

THEN STEVE FELT EVERY EYE ON HIM--EYES THAT FLASHED WITH ADMIRATION AND A MEANING THAT WAS BLOOD CHILLINGLY CLEAR!



DESPERATELY STEVE THOUGHT FOR A WAY OUT -- AND IT CAME! ONCE HE WAS FREE OF THE MAQUIS, HE COULD GIVE HIMSELF UP TO THE GERMANS AGAIN!



Chapter 3. UNEXPLODED BOMB

THE GERMANS WERE CLEARING EXPLOSIVES AND AMMUNITION FROM THE DUMP AS FAST AS THEY COULD.



ISN'T IT TIME WE EVACUATED THE AREA, HERR COLONEL?

MY ORDERS ARE TO CLEAR AS MANY STORAGE BLOCKHOUSES AS POSSIBLE BEFORE THE DEFUSING EXPERTS COME TOMORROW. WE MUST WORK ALL NIGHT, IF NECESSARY!

SO THE TRUCK CONVOY WENT ON IN THE NIGHT'S GLOOM...JUST AS STEVE HAD KNOWN...

THE LINE OF EMPTY TRUCKS GROWLED UNDER THE BRANCH--STEVE WAITED FOR THE LAST ONE--AND DROPPED...



BON CHANCE -- GOOD LUCK, M' SIEUR STEVE!

WE'LL MEET AGAIN HERE IF I GET AWAY WITH IT -- TAKE COVER...HERE THEY COME!



FIRST STOP, THE GUARDS AT THE DUMP, AND MY TROUBLES ARE OVER!

BUT THE TRUCKS WERE WAVED STRAIGHT THROUGH THE ENTRANCE -- AND STEVE FOUND HIMSELF INSIDE THE DUMP ...

GREAT SCOTT -- IT WOULD BE SO DARNED EASY! AND I COULD BE ON A LOADED TRUCK MOVING OUT WHEN IT WENT UP!



SOMEHOW IT WAS LIKE A CHALLENGE -- AND A STRANGE, YET OLD AND FAMILIAR HEAT SURGED THROUGH STEVE'S BLOOD. ALMOST BEFORE HE KNEW IT ...

THE JERRIES ARE AVOIDING THAT R.A.F. BOMB LIKE A PLAGUE PIT -- AND SO WOULD I IF I WEREN'T A FOOL! STILL ... HERE GOES!



FORMLESS SHADOWS LAY THICKLY ACROSS THE GROUND AS STEVE SLID SILENTLY TOWARDS THE WIRE ...

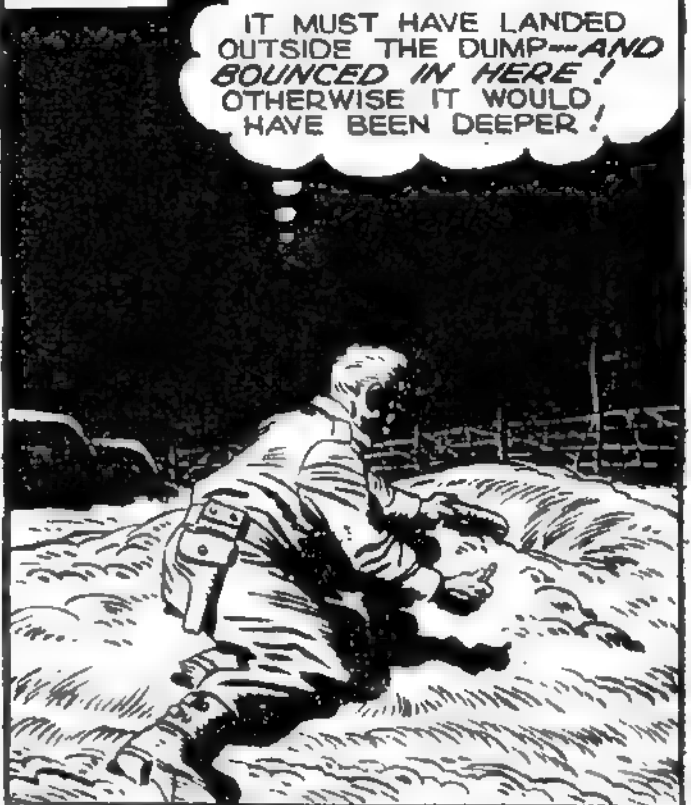
OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE -- IF THAT DUD DECIDES TO GO UP NOW!



BUT ONCE INSIDE THE WIRE THE SHIELDING DARKNESS BECAME A MENACE-- STEVE COULD NOT FIND THE BOMB! FOR LONG, TENSION-BUILDING SECONDS HE SEARCHED. AND THEN



GENTLY HE PROBED INTO THE HOLE -- AND FELT THE BUCKLED EDGE OF A MASSIVE TAIL FIN. HE TOOK OFF HIS PACK ...



BREAKING THE RENCIL FUSE, STEVE SLIPPED IT INTO THE PACK -- NOW HE HAD JUST FIVE MINUTES TO GET CLEAR! HE BEGAN TO RUN



THEN HE WAS CRAWLING TOWARDS THE TRUCKS. HE HAD ALMOST REACHED THEM WHEN A FIGURE LOOMED AHEAD... HE TURNED TO FIND A NEW ROUTE... AND STARED INTO THE YAWNING MUZZLE OF A RIFLE...

HALTEN!
DONNERWETTER,
EIN BRITISHER!

CARTER--YOU'VE
HAD IT NOW!
THREE MINUTES AND
YOU'LL BE RIGHT
ON TOP WHEN THE
LOT GOES UP!

IT WAS A CRUEL TWIST OF FATE--STEVE'S FIRST INTENTION HAD BEEN TO BE RECAPTURED. AND NOW IT HAD HAPPENED--TOO LATE!

IF I'M STILL ALIVE
AFTER THE WHOLE
DUMP DISINTEGRATES
IT WON'T BE
FOR LONG!

MOVE, ENGLANDER.
HERR COLONEL
WILL HAVE MANY
QUESTIONS TO
ASK!

A CONVOY OF LOADED TRUCKS WAS FORMING UP TO LEAVE AS THE SENTRY REPORTED TO THE ASTONISHED COLONEL WITH HIS PRISONER...

AN ESCAPED BRITISH
PRISONER OF WAR--
CRAWLING TOWARDS
THE BOMB AREA?

JA, HERR
COLONEL.

ABOUT HALF
A MINUTE
LEFT-- BUT
I'M NOT
WAITING
FOR IT!



Under Fire

THEN STEVE ERUPTED INTO SHATTERING ACTION!

YOU'LL FIND
OUT SOON
ENOUGH,
CHUM!

BUT WHY
WAS HE...
DER
TEUFEL!

UUGH!

THE COLONEL'S LUGER SWEEPED
UP AND STEVE SWUNG THE
SENSELESS SENTRY'S
RIFLE IN A CLUBBING
ARC....

AAARGH!

TWENTY SECONDS
AND TWO JERRIES
TO GO!

WHO
17727-



THEN THE MOTOR CYCLIST'S SCHMEISSER
RIPPED THE NIGHT TO SHREDS WITH
STABBING FLAME ~ OVER STEVE'S
HURTLING FIGURE!



ROUSED BY THE RATTLING GUNFIRE, A
SCORE OF GERMANS CLOSED IN ON THE
LONE ENGLISHMAN ~ AND THE SUB-
MACHINE GUN
CHATTERED
HARSHLY
AGAIN!



THEN THE KICK STARTER SLAMMED DOWN,
THE ENGINE BURST INTO SUPERCHARGED
LIFE ~ AND STEVE ROCKETED AWAY!



THEN THE SKY BECAME A LIVID WHITE SCAR OF EYE SEARING FLAME AND THE EARTH SHUDDERED IN A TORTURED CONVULSION OF VIOLENCE! THE AMMUNITION DUMP HAD EXPLODED!



THE DEAFENING SHOCK WAVE ALMOST BLASTED STEVE FROM THE HURTLING MOTOR-CYCLE... BUT, TEETH GRITTED AGAINST THE THROBBING PAIN OF HIS SHOULDER, HE HELD THE MACHINE UP...

ONLY A COUPLE OF MILES... GOT... TO REACH FLAURET...

THE MAQUIS MEMBERS WERE WAITING AS THE MOTOR CYCLE BRAKED... AND STEVE WOULD HAVE FALLEN BUT FOR THEIR STRONG HANDS...

BRAVO, M'SIEUR L'ANGLAIS!

MAGNIFIQUE, MON BRAVE! YOU HAVE DONE WHAT AN ARMY COULD NOT DO!



BUT STEVE HEARD NONE OF THIS -- FOR HE HAD PASSED OUT WITH THE GRINDING PAIN OF HIS WOUND. WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES IT WAS AFTERNOON -- AND HE WAS BACK IN THE CAVES ...



THE BULLET HAD PASSED CLEANLY THROUGH -- AND STEVE'S SHOULDER HEALED QUICKLY. THREE WEEKS LATER HE WAS ON HIS FEET AGAIN ...



SOMEWHERE BACK IN STEVE CARTER'S INCREDIBLE LONE ATTACK, HIS HIDDEN COURAGE AND CONFIDENCE HAD BEEN TESTED IN THE FORGE OF FEAR ... AND HAD EMERGED STEEL BRIGHT AND UNBREAKABLE ...



DESPONDENTLY FLAURET EXPLAINED. THERE WERE STILL MANY HIGH RANKING FRENCH OFFICERS AND SCIENTISTS HIDING FROM THE GERMANS. A PLAN HAD BEEN MADE FOR THESE MEN TO GATHER AT A FRENCH CHANNEL VILLAGE SECRETLY WHERE A BRITISH RAIDING PARTY WOULD PICK THEM UP. THE OPERATION WAS TIMED FOR DAWN IN THIRTY SIX HOURS. BUT A MESSAGE BRINGING FINAL DETAILS TO FLAURET HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE GESTAPO...



THE MAQUIS LEADER SHRUGGED HELPLESSLY...



Under Fire

SEVERAL HOURS LATER AT COMBINED OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON, A SENIOR BRITISH NAVAL STAFF OFFICER WAS STUDYING A DECODED WIRELESS MESSAGE.



THE BRIGADIER'S EYES WIDENED WITH AMAZEMENT AS HE READ THE SIGNAL ...

FROM THE MAQUIS GROUP WHO ARE GOING TO HELP MY CHAPS ON THE RAID -- GOOD GRIEF, SIR, THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE... IT'S PLAIN! STARK STARING CRAZY!



EVENTS MOVED SWIFTLY THEN -- A FAST CAR TOOK THE TWO OFFICERS TO A SUBMARINE BASE ON THE SOUTH COAST.

AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR MESSAGE, SIR, I KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN FOR THE JOB! LIEUTENANT COMMANDER FORBES, THE MOST HAREBRAINED, AND BRILLIANT OFFICER IN THE SQUADRON!

WELL, THIS ONE'S UP TO HIM -- HE'S GOT TO VOLUNTEER FOR IT!

BRIEFLY THE VICE ADMIRAL EXPLAINED... AND A GRIN SLOWLY GREW ON THE YOUNG SUBMARINE OFFICER'S FACE...

THE SUBMARINE MUST TRAVEL UNDETECTED -- TONIGHT IT MUST REACH THE AGREED SPOT AND BE THERE ALL DAY TOMORROW UNTIL EIGHT O'CLOCK TOMORROW NIGHT -- THEN GET OUT AGAIN!

PARIS

FRAN

SOUNDS TERRIFIC, SIR! MY CREW WILL VOLUNTEER LIKE A SHOT -- THEY'D DO ANYTHING TO COCK A SNOOP AT JERRY IN HIS OWN BACK YARD!

Chapter 4. IN GESTAPO HANDS

WHILE DETAILED PLANNING WAS BEING STUDIED AT THE SUBMARINE BASE, STEVE'S SCHEME WAS TAKING SHAPE AT THE MAQUIS HIDEOUT...



IF THINGS GO RIGHT WE WILL MEET AGAIN TWO HOURS BEFORE THE RAIDING PARTY LANDS. UNTIL THEN, GOOD LUCK, MY FRIENDS.

AND BON FORTUNE TO YOU, MON BRAVE. YOU ALSO ARE RISKING EVERYTHING FOR OUR SUCCESS!

AFTER THE RESISTANCE FIGHTERS HAD LEFT, STEVE SLEPT CALMLY AND UNTRoubLED THROUGH THE NIGHT. BEFORE NOON NEXT DAY HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO PARIS.



THERE'S THE RENDEZVOUS -- LE CHAT D'OR -- "THE GOLDEN CAT". THE GESTAPO MUST BE WATCHING IT FROM HIDING. WELL, HERE GOES -- INTO THE SPIDER'S WEB!

STEVE SAT DOWN AT ONE OF THE RESTAURANT TABLES AS A NEARBY CLOCK STRUCK NOON ...

RIGHT ON TIME--
SO HERE'S THE
AGREED SIGNAL!
WAIT FOR THE
VULTURES TO
POUNCE!



THEN A DARK SHADOW FELL ACROSS THE DISGUISED ENGLISHMAN FROM BEHIND--AND COLD STEEL TOUCHED THE BACK OF HIS NECK ...

ONE MOVE
TO RESIST,
FRENCH CUR,
AND IT WILL
BE YOUR
LAST!



WITH PERFECT TIMING, A GERMAN MERCEDES SNARLED UP THE STREET--AND BLACK-GARBED GESTAPO MEN LEAPED OUT AS IT SCREECHED TO A HALT ...

EXCELLENT WORK, HERR
GRUNDER--YOUR INFORMATION
WAS PERFECT, AS USUAL!

PAH! THESE
FRENCH BLOCKHEADS
THINK THEY CAN
BEAT THE MASTER RACE.
THEY'LL LEARN THEIR
MISTAKE--JUST
BEFORE THEY DIE!



STEVE WAS FORCED ROUGHLY INTO THE CAR AND SWIFTLY SEARCHED AS IT MOVED OFF. THE GERMANS FOUND NOTHING...

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE--I'M JUST AN ORDINARY... AAAGH!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, YOU MAQUIS RAT-- UNTIL WE MAKE YOU TALK!

WHEN THEY REACHED THE GRIM GREY GESTAPO H.Q. IN THE CENTRE OF PARIS, STEVE LICKED HIS DRY LIPS AND FOUGHT DOWN THE PULSE OF FEAR IN HIS HEART...

ANOTHER RESISTANCE SPY FOR GROUPEN-FUEHRER KRAUS TO QUESTION!

THIS IS IT... IF MY PLAN FAILS, I'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE!



GROUPEN-FUEHRER KRAUS WAS A SPECIALIST...
AT GETTING ANSWERS FROM STUBBORN
PEOPLE! HIS LIPS CURVED IN A CRUEL
SNEER AS THE PRISONER ENTERED ...



COME IN, MY
YOUNG FRIEND. WE
WILL NOT KEEP
YOU LONG -- IF
YOU CO-OPERATE!

THE WORDS WERE SILK SOFT -- YET
THREADED WITH A THREAT MORE
DEADLY THAN A COBRA'S FANGS ...

NOW... WHAT
RESISTANCE
GROUP DO
YOU BELONG
TO... AND
WHERE IS
YOUR HEAD-
QUARTERS?

YOU KNOW
MORE THAN
I DO -- YOU
TELL ME!



Under Fire



KRAUS STRUCK AGAIN ... AND AGAIN ... YET NOT A SOUND PASSED STEVE'S GRITTED TEETH. AT LAST THE GESTAPO CHIEF CEASED ...



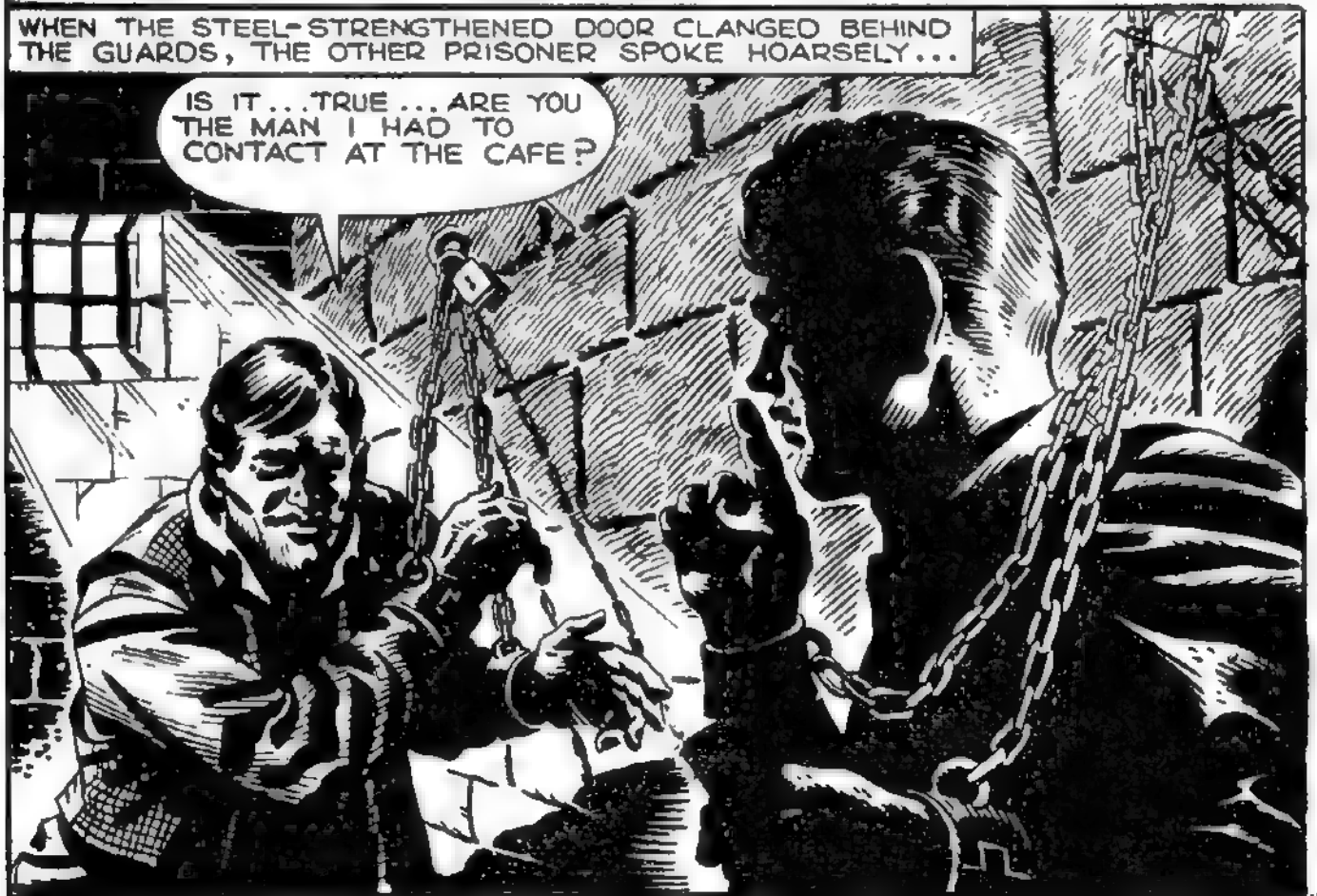
HALF SENSELESS FROM THAT MERCILESS BEATING, STEVE WAS DRAGGED DOWN TO THE ILL-LIT CELLS BELOW THE BUILDING...



YOU STILL WANT TO KNOW WHAT INFORMATION THAT MESSENGER HAD FOR YOU? WELL, ASK HIM, NOW YOU SHARE HIS CELL!

WHEN THE STEEL-STRENGTHENED DOOR CLANGED BEHIND THE GUARDS, THE OTHER PRISONER SPOKE HOARSELY...

IS IT... TRUE... ARE YOU THE MAN I HAD TO CONTACT AT THE CAFE?



Under Fire

WITHOUT ANSWERING, STEVE SCANNED HIS SURROUNDINGS. SOUNDLESSLY, HE MOTIONED THE OTHER PRISONER AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE ...



STEVE SETTLED BACK AGAINST THE MILDEWEDED WALL, HIS THOUGHTS RACING...



Under Fire

49

BOTH MEN SAT THERE, COUNTING THE LONG, NERVE GRATING HOURS THAT PASSED, TOLD BY THE MUFFLED CHIMES OF A DISTANT CLOCK. THEN, AT LAST...

SEVEN FORTY-FIVE...
AND I ONLY HOPE THAT
THE CLOCK IS BANG ON!

HEY, GUARDS...
GUARDS...GET US
OUT OF HERE...
WE'LL TALK!



EYE SEARING LIGHT STREAMED INTO THE DARK CELL AS THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN.



YOU'VE HAD
ENOUGH ALREADY,
HAH? DER TEUFEL,
YOU FRENCH HAVEN'T
GOT THE COURAGE
OF MICE!

STILL CHAINED, THE TWO PRISONERS WERE LED UP TO KRAUS'S OFFICE -- AND NEITHER OF THE GUARDS SAW THE WARNING LOOK STEVE GAVE THE FRENCHMAN.



PUSHED BY THE TWO GESTAPO MEN, STEVE STUMBLER TOWARDS KRAUS -- THEN SUDDENLY STEPPED BACK, HIS CHAINED ARMS LIFTING WIDE AND HIGH...



THE NEXT INSTANT THE GUARDS WERE HELPLESS IN A TIGHT GRIP OF STEEL -- AND KRAUS WAS GOING DOWN!

GOOD WORK! GRAB THAT LUGER -- THEN WE'LL GAG THESE VERMIN AND TIE 'EM UP!




UNRESISTING UNDER THE UNWAVERING MUZZLE OF KRAUS'S GUN, THE GESTAPO MEN WERE BOUND AND GAGGED WITH THEIR OWN BELTS AND TIES ...

NONE OF THEM HAVE THE KEY TO THE CHAINS!



WE CAN'T HAVE ALL THE LUCK, BUT WE'VE GOT OUR SHARE -- THIS WINDOW OPENS RIGHT ABOVE THE SEINE! COME ON!



FOR A SWIFT SECOND, TWO FIGURES STOOD ON THE WINDOW LEDGE OUTLINED BY THE ROOM'S BRIGHT LIGHT -- THEN THEY LEAPED TOWARDS THE WATER, SIXTY FEET BELOW ...

...TO PLUNGE DEEP BENEATH THE SLUGGISH SURFACE OF THE SEINE!



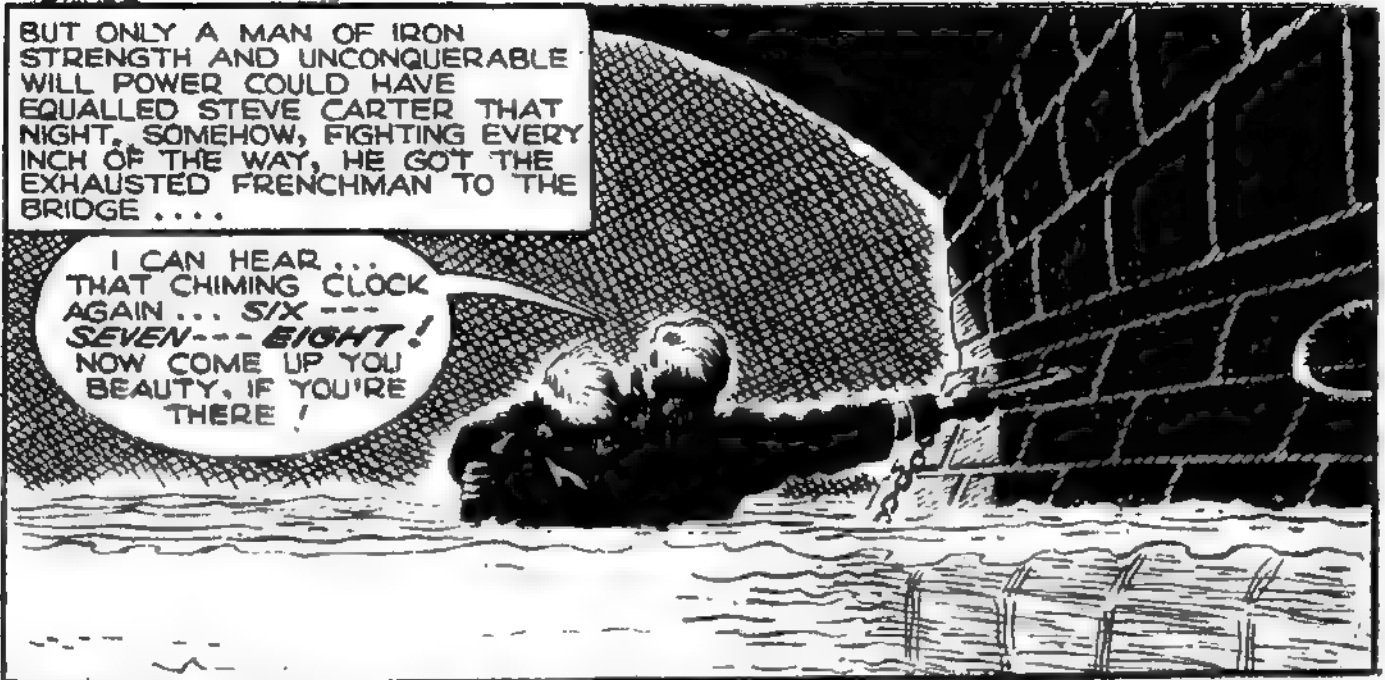
WEIGHTED BY THE CHAINS, THEY CAME UP SLOWLY AND GASPING FOR BREATH...

THAT BRIDGE IS OUR MARKER -- WE'VE GOT ABOUT FIVE MINUTES TO GET THERE! CAN YOU MAKE IT?

THE CHAINS ARE TOO HEAVY -- MY FRIEND -- THE BOSCHES HAVE MADE ME SO WEAK -- YOU GO ON ALONE!

BUT ONLY A MAN OF IRON STRENGTH AND UNCONQUERABLE WILL POWER COULD HAVE EQUALLED STEVE CARTER THAT NIGHT, SOMEHOW, FIGHTING EVERY INCH OF THE WAY, HE GOT THE EXHAUSTED FRENCHMAN TO THE BRIDGE

I CAN HEAR...
THAT CHIMING CLOCK
AGAIN... SIX ---
~~SEVEN~~ --- **EIGHT!**
NOW COME UP YOU
BEAUTY, IF YOU'RE
THERE !



STEVE'S FERVENT PRAYER WAS ANSWERED -- IN A GREAT HEAVING TURMOIL, A SUBMARINE'S CONNING TOWER BROKE THE SURFACE UNDER THE BRIDGE. A MOMENT LATER...

ANYBODY
THERE ?

OVER HERE,
CHUM -- WE NEED
A BIT OF HELP !



4 NEW ISSUES OF WAR PICTURE LIBRARY
No. 36 LONE COMMANDO | No. 38 DESERT PATROL
No. 37 FIRE ONE | No. 39 BOMB ALLEY

ON SALE MONDAY 1st FEBRUARY

STRONG HANDS LIFTED THE TWO MEN THEN -- CARRYING AND LOWERING THEM THROUGH THE CONNING TOWER. THE HATCH CLANGED SHUT ...



AS THE DEPTH GAUGE SLOWLY TURNED, FORBES GRINNED ...



SLOWLY, THE SLEEK SUBMARINE CREPT OVER THE RIVER BED -- STEERED WITH INFINITE CARE BY THE NAVIGATING OFFICER'S ORDERS. INSIDE ...



FOR A LONG MINUTE STEVE STOOD BESIDE THE CHART TABLE WITH FORBES BESIDE HIM -- THEN HIS FINGER STABBED DOWN



Chapter 5. BACK INTO ACTION

STEVE HARDLY SEEMED TO HAVE CLOSED HIS EYES IN ONE OF THE CREW'S BUNKS BEFORE HE WAS BEING SHAKEN AWAKE. ALREADY THE SUBMARINE WAS RISING...



ONLY THE SOUND OF WAVES SLAPPING AGAINST THE STEEL HULL BROKE THE MOONLIT SILENCE OVER THE RIVER. THEN, A BRIEF HANDSHAKE, AND STEVE SLID INTO THE WATER...

THERE GOES A VERY BRAVE MAN, SUBBY--BACK INTO THE WOLVES' LAIR. WELL, COME ON~~ LET'S GET THIS TIN CAN SUBMERGED WHERE IT'S SAFE.

AYE
AYE, SIR!



STEVE REACHED THE BANK ~~~ AND DRAGGED HIMSELF OVER IT ~~~ JUST AS DIM SHADOWS CAME ALIVE NEAR HIM...

FREEDOM FOR FRANCE.

...AND DEATH TO THE BOSCHES! M'SIEUR STEVE, MON AMI, YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED AGAIN!



FLAURET HAD BROUGHT DRY CLOTHES WITH HIM AND STEVE SWIFTLY CHANGED.

DID YOU GET A CAR, FLAURET?

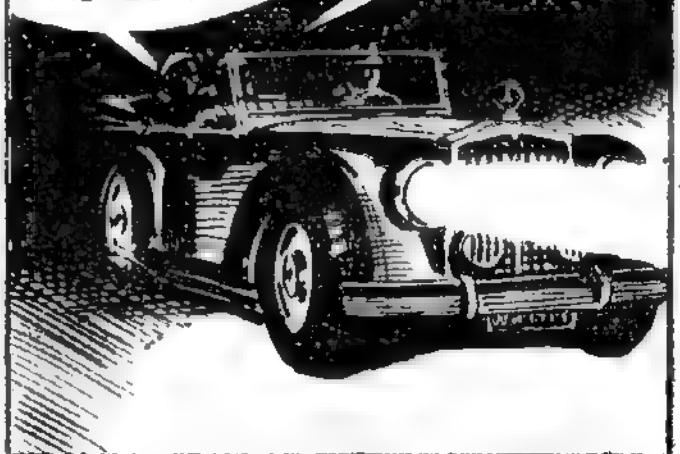


OUI, MON BRAVE ~~~ THE GERMAN OFFICERS TRAVELLING IN IT WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM AFTER THEY PULLED UP AT OUR FALLEN TREE TRUNK ACROSS THE ROAD!

SOON AFTERWARDS A POWERFUL GERMAN ARMY STAFF CAR THUNDERED NORTHWARDS THROUGH THE NIGHT...

WE HAVE A CLEAR RUN, MY FRIEND ~~~ THANKS TO THE GERMAN CURFEW! WE WILL BE AT OUR POSITION IN THIRTY MINUTES!

YOU PICKED THE RIGHT DRIVER FOR THIS LOW FLYING JOB ~~~ HE OUGHT TO BE A FIGHTER PILOT!



Under Fire

THE ROUTE WAS CAREFULLY PLANNED TO AVOID ROVING GERMAN PATROLS -- AND, UNCHALLENGED, THEY FINALLY SKIDDED TO A STOP WHERE THE ROAD GASHED DEEP BETWEEN TWO EMBANKMENTS.

GET THE CAR HIDDEN OUT OF SIGHT QUICKLY. VITE!

THIS LOOKS PERFECT-- JUST AS IT SEEMED ON THE MAP!

CLIMBING THE EMBANKMENT, STEVE FOUND SPRAWLING FORMS SPACED OUT ALONG THE TOP -- AND MOONLIGHT GLITTERED COLDLY ON BARE STEEL! THE RESISTANCE GROUP'S AMBUSH WAS READY!

THE SECOND HALF OF THE MEN ON THE OTHER SIDE TOO, EH? FIRST CLASS, FLAURET. NOW WE JUST HAVE TO WAIT!

OUI -- THE VILLAGE IS A QUARTER OF A MILE BEHIND US -- AND THIS IS THE ONLY ROAD TO IT FOR THE BOSCHES! HERE ARE YOUR WEAPONS!

SOON THE FIRST VAGUE GREYNESS OF DAWN WAS CREEPING ACROSS THE SKY--
STILL THEY WAITED-- AND THEN SUDDENLY...

BOM-- AND SOON NOW
IT WILL BE OUR TURN!

SHELL FIRE
AND TRACER!
THE RAIDERS
ARE LANDING!



FLAURET WAS RIGHT--
WITHIN TEN MINUTES THE
THROB OF STRAINING
ENGINES GREW LOUDER.

THAT ARMoured TIN
CAN WILL MAKE JUST
THE RIGHT ROAD
BLOCK-- IF I CAN
STOP IT!



Under Fire

THE GERMAN RELIEF COLUMN RACED ALONG THE ROAD -- BETWEEN THE EMBANKMENTS -- AND INTO DISASTER AS TWO GRENADES HURTTLED DOWN!



WITH A GRINDING CRUNCH OF RIPPING METAL, THE ARMoured CAR SLEWED ACROSS THE ROAD -- AND STEVE CARTER'S RINGING YELL LIFTED HIGH.



STREAMS OF STEEL JACKETED LEAD
LASHED INTO THE GERMAN TROOPS AS
THEY DESPERATELY TRIED TO REVERSE ...

THEY STILL
OUTNUMBER US
THREE TO ONE ~~~
WE'VE GOT TO HIT
'EM HARD AND FAST
BEFORE THEY CAN
ORGANISE A COUNTER
ATTACK!



4 NEW ISSUES OF WAR PICTURE LIBRARY
No. 36 LONE COMMANDO
No. 37 FIRE ONE

No. 38 DESERT PATROL
No. 39 BOMB ALLEY

ON SALE MONDAY 1st FEBRUARY

BUT NOW ROLLING BLACK SMOKE FROM BURNING LORRIES HALF SCREENED THE DEVASTATION ON THE ROAD -- AND BEHIND IT THE GERMANS WERE MOVING SWIFTLY TO STRIKE BACK!

THEY'VE OUTFLANKED US! WE'VE HAD IT -- UNLESS THE JERRIES ARE STOPPED NOW!



THEN A LONE FIGURE LEAPED TO MEET THE GERMAN ADVANCE -- HIS SUBMACHINE GUN SENT A WITHERING HAIL OF DESTRUCTION AMONGST THE ENEMY!

BACK, YOU JACKALS -- OR DIE!



THE GERMAN STRENGTH WAS BROKEN!
THE SURVIVORS FLED FROM THE TRIUMPHANT
RESISTANCE FIGHTERS ...

RUN, YOU JACKBOOTED
CURS -- AS ALL YOUR FOUL
NAZI BREED WILL RUN THE
DAY WE DRIVE YOU FROM
OUR BELOVED FRANCE!

THE SHOOTING
HAS FINISHED IN
THE VILLAGE, FLAURET.
SEND A MAN TO FIND
OUT HOW THE RAID
IS GOING!

BUT THEN A COOL, ENGLISH VOICE
CAME FROM BEHIND THEM ...

I CAN ANSWER THAT! THANKS TO YOUR
CHAPS' MAGNIFICENT WORK HERE, THE
RAID IS A COMPLETE SUCCESS. I'M
MAJOR PHIPPS -- WHO IS YOUR LEADER?

AS ONE, EVERY FRENCHMAN TURNED
TOWARDS STEVE -- AND THEY STEPPED
BACK, LEAVING HIM QUITE ALONE!
EVEN FLAURET WAS WITH THEM -- AND
SUDDENLY STEVE KNEW THAT TO
THEM ALL HE WAS THEIR LEADER.
HE STIFFENED PROUDLY ...

I AM,
SIR!

GREAT
SCOTT -- YOU'RE
ENGLISH!

YES, SIR --
RIFLEMAN STEPHEN
CARTER OF THE
WEST LONDON RIFLES --
AN ESCAPED
PRISONER OF WAR!

THE MAJOR GLANCED
AT HIS WATCH . . .



WELL, CARTER,
IF YOU WANT TO
GET BACK TO ENGLAND,
WE'RE MOVING OFF THE
'BEACH' IN EXACTLY
FIVE MINUTES!

AND STEVE KNEW THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE ANSWER HE
COULD GIVE. WITH A WIDE GRIN, HE SHOOK HIS HEAD . . .

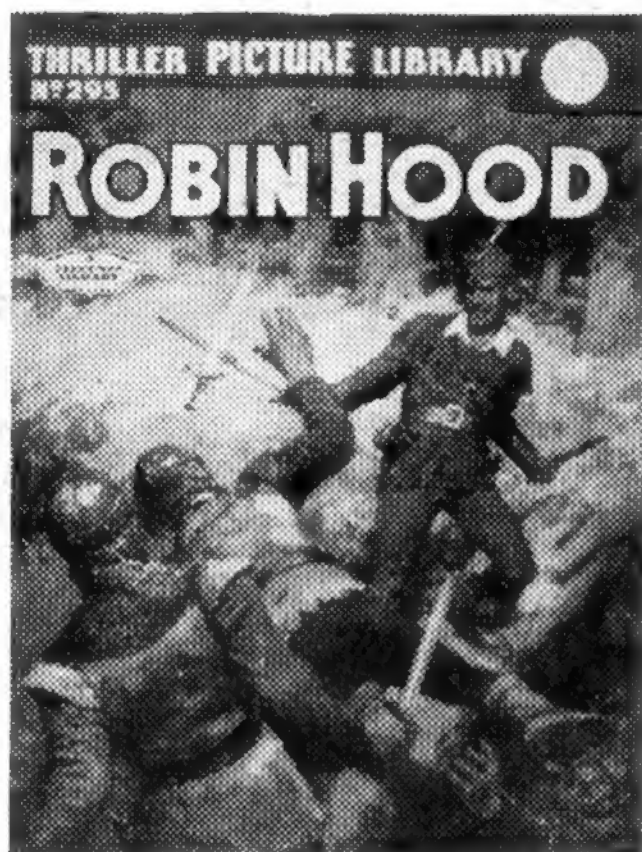
NO, MAJOR, I'M
STAYING HERE . . . TO
FIGHT WITH MY
MEN!

WELL, YOU'LL BE A
DARNED SIGHT MORE
VALUABLE HERE THAN
CARRYING A RIFLE!
THANKS AGAIN, AND
THE BEST OF LUCK!

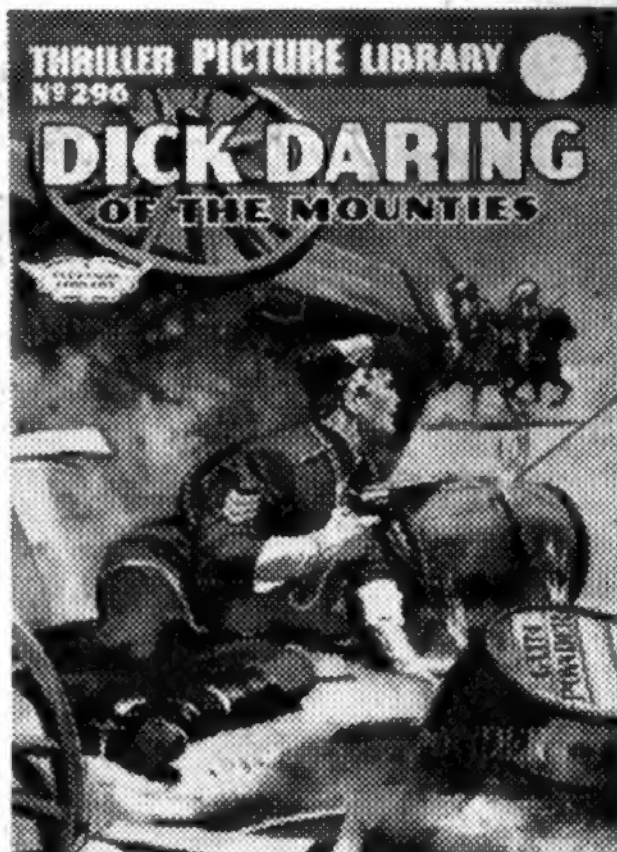
WHERE YOU
LEAD, MON
COMMANDANT,
WE FOLLOW—WITH
DESTRUCTION
AND DEATH TO
THE BOSCHES!



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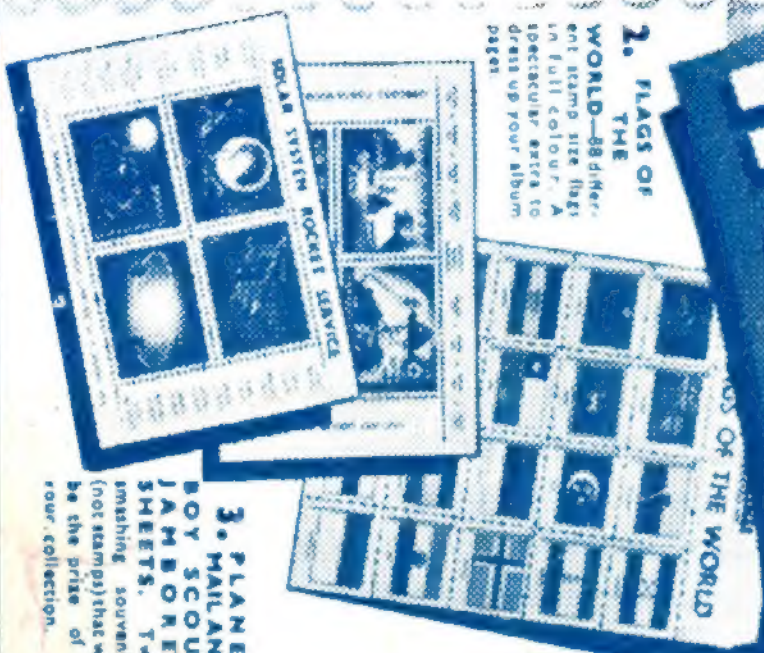
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